

Pontilas House. Nov. 18th. 1852 - & 10p/11

Dear Anne,
 To continue a plain story very abruptly; I should say that on Wednesday I wrote to Dr. Warren, saying (should we) be in Dublin Saturday Evg. Nov. 23rd. Is that - Do pray could attend the Reading meeting on the 25th is that the time is fixed for leaving Pontilas, if Dr. may can possibly achieve it - Mrs. Bentham & I had a nice walk up the White House Lane to meet Mr. Bentham, who had, one after lunch to Kesh Church on some business there. It was wonderfully soft & mild; & though the leaves have fallen ~~very much~~ the last few days, still the landscape was lovely - The fields have grown brown, than I supposed they would; I thought they would be green all winter; some are still perfectly fresh & green - But I wish I could tell you how pretty the hedge and in the sweet grass & now are covered with bright red hips, & interlarded in the charming holly, so green, so polished, & bright shining through, the scarlet red berries! It is quite my admiration! Every now & then one finds a honey-suckle creeping along, & can get a late sweet blossom - indeed we must see these wild, straggling, tangled hedgerows to know how pretty they are! When we came back Mrs. Bentham got a bunch of roses & violets from the garden. And it the 17th & 18th November! Mrs. & Miss Goble lived with us, & were so civil & pleasant as ever - we would get a very false impression of the English, if one judge ^{them} from their manners in travelling, or on being first introduced in travelling I must confess, it is generally positively disagreeable to meet them. There is a supercilious stare, a brown-whit business-like - in - here - manner, that offends one at once, though in speaking you often find the same - Then too they expect to find everything conforming to English manners, & will be sad & very objectionable which differs from their standard, which they then insist on carrying through, no matter is what inconvenience to those around them - And when you are first introduced or meet them, there is a shy sort of coldness, & unwarlike looks; & distance, which is very freezing; but once break through that, & they are very cordial & kind & agreeable, & you like them exceedingly -

Thursday Morn. was passed as usual in writing, & as I said we intended, at the close of my last letter, Mrs. Bentham & I stretch off across the fields to lunch with Mr. & Mrs. Goble - On our way we met the boys on their way to school. Mrs. B. asked them where they came from, & they answered "Up there, from Paradise!" - I must say they did not look much like cherubs in their smock frocks & lumpy shoes - But Paradise is an earth's residence on the White sea, in the shape of a game-house - After lunch we went with Mr. & Mrs. Goble to visit the school - It is a very

Stone village close to the church, & was an old tenement the little vicarage - But a
wing has been added, & it makes a nice school-house for the boys & girls, giving
a part for the school-master & his sisters to live in - I was surprised to see
the master & mistress so young. I am sure neither could be over 20. The boys
were in one larger room learning the collect for next Sunday, & the girls in a
smaller room adjoining sewing, knitting & mending. There were all ages from very
young to as old as the mistress, & ^{there} were some very pretty bright-eyed little things.
We looked at the work, & one little thing quite excited my admiration, viz
a long stocking she had knit herself. We looked at the boys' books, criticised
the writing, &c. &c. quite played the lady patroness. I assure you. It seems to be
the custom for my lady visiting on an estate, to look very much after the
village school in her neighbourhood. - But I could not but think them different.
This "patronising the schools" was gone anything with us. Afterwards we had
a visit to the ship for some minutes, for I have been exercising my faculty in cap-
tivating a little, on Mrs. Bentham's behalf; for Lady's maids have not much
taste or skill in such matters. Then we went up to Castle Mount where the
old castle of Crap Harold, overlooking the village, formerly stood. Unfortunately
there are no remains left, the last vestiges having been taken. It built collapses
with it. But such a lovely site! Such pretty views, the little stream encircling
the base & the some black moor like fields, slender called Wood
Middleton. My sister's luncheon with us, & there was quite a state of excitement. We
perpetrated the bride - Mrs. Bentham was sweet & tranquil as ever, though I could
see that there was a little undercurrent of agitation. She sat & I sat on the
terrace together - I wish I could tell you how sweet & pleasant she is.
She cannot help loving her dear - Presently Dr. Gray joined us, as it grew dark,
& I proposed that he & I should take a longer walk, for I thought in a quiet way
it would be as well to be about when Sir Warford arrived. So we departed, & had
a pleasant walk with the faintest little thread of a moon to shine over us. And
we talked about plans in our Cambridge House - I want, if ever we can afford it, to
put a bow ⁱⁿ window in the west side of our parlour, swallowing up the two windows, & I
think enlarging & improving the room very much. I've built a castle in the air
about it. I think too we must have curtains or a dark paper in that room,
it is so horribly light & staring. - As we drove near the house we heard Mrs. Bentham's
quack petitioning to be driven up for the night. You never heard so loud or so despair-
ing a quack, it set me laughing whenever I hear it; he peeped in at the back gate.
We saw the carriage there, & after a short stroll off again, came to the conclusion it would
be safe to go with Sir Warford. He greeted me most cordially, to my great surprise, on the
strength of having known Dr. Gray before; Lady Gray is now seated with almost her
back to me, & I'm very tired (they had ridden 30 miles from Kettlebrooke,) & was
very quiet & shy - Poor thing, I think it was rather an ordeal! - (And what might
add to one's trials, coming as a bride & bride to be presented to one's new relations
from a far off sequestered place, the trunk containing her clothes was left behind,

as she landed in England with only her travelling dress - And had to have
a white muslin made for a dinner dress in Freston, the little country
town about a mile from Sir Warford's place - And you may imagine
what an English country milliner may be; however it is more presentable
than one would suppose. She seems to be a nice little body, some-
very handsome things about her, but entirely wasteful, at present, style
& carriage - However I suppose that will come in time, & when
a good dress-maker & milliner get hold of her, she will be much
improved - she is about 21, & I am sure Sir Warford is 40. He is a
little short man, & I insist forces in the face like Dr. Torrey, his
voice is pitched very high, & he is a great tatter - But I don't
think you would pick them out for Sir & my Lady -
Saturday the Misses Crawford & brother called on their return from Whitfield. She
they had dined the day before. It is a real pleasure to hear Miss Crawford
talk, she is so signante - I should have said Mrs. Chiv had called, some
days before & asked Dr. Gray to pass Thursday at their house & visit
Kerford from there - But Dr. Gray had declined, as he was too busy -
We had a nice walk to see another church Saturday afternoon,
Langton - There are churches enough here - 7 within 2 1/2 miles & 13
within 5! - And all old, long, long before the English reformation. Sun-
day we all went to church in the afternoon - Monday Mrs. Bentham
collected

Oh - Oh - Oh - There comes Mrs. Chiv to take us to
a ploughing match & I must close thus shabbily!

Ficci
Dr Gray